

# THE BEST Photoplay Department in WASHINGTON

## Fritzi Scheff Says Photoplay Offers Actresses Big Opportunity

There is considerably more enthusiasm for the motion picture among the better class of actors and actresses just now than there has ever been. The dull theatrical season and the employment given to stage favorites by the photoplay companies has had something to do with this. But the most important thing is the fact that the legitimate actor and actress realizes that in a photoplay there will be a real opportunity, and that acting ability will show as it doesn't always get a chance to show on the legitimate stage.

This must not be understood as advocating the flocking of legitimate actors and actresses to the camera. There are some of the most distinguished and intelligent of the stage stars who would not be worth their salt in motion pictures. Some of these have tried the experiment, and have been much disappointed with the results. One of the best known and most artistic women stars in the world made an ignominious failure with a photoplay of her most noted success on the stage. A motion picture actress, however, is a different thing. She is a different person from the camera and doing it considerably better, for motion picture purposes, than the star of the stage.

But the fact remains that there are a number of legitimate actors and actresses who can make a success of the film play and who find that it pays from an educational standpoint. A few weeks ago Maud Gill, a leading woman of the old Players, told a full audience that motion pictures had taught her more than she ever thought could be learned from them. She said that she had experienced in the pictures a new idea of the values of expression and action—ideas that were invaluable to her in her work on the stage.

W. J. Ferguson, when he was here a few months ago, said he thought the effect of the motion picture on the stage would be to make better actors, for the reason that it would give the pantomime art and make it necessary for the actor to learn something of pantomime to make a success on the stage. He attributes much of his success to the fact that he studied this branch of the art years ago. And Mr. Ferguson has proved his ability to act in motion pictures in support of noted stars and making himself the real star of the plays he helped interpret.

But because of his ability to act almost to perfection without speaking. The testimony of these two representatives of the stage should be convincing of the value of the photoplay to the technique of acting. Now comes Fritzi Scheff, who is an operator star rather than an actress of the speaking stage, with an enthusiastic endorsement of the pictures.

"You know it astonished me," said Fritzi Scheff when she had occasion to view her first photoplay, "Pretty Mrs. Smith," made by the Bozworth company, to see how much better than the original play the picture has turned out.

When I first started to make this picture, no one could have made me believe that the loss of the coloring of the voice and the little touches which give life to a character could be compensated for by the beautiful outdoor effects and other attractions to which the photoplay lends itself.

It is needless to dwell upon the opportunities that the screen offers for scenic effects which are entirely unknown with mere stage settings. This fact has been brought out by almost every production in the country, and could be even more fully brought out by a thorough convert to the photoplay.

It is really delightful to see oneself photographed in this way. When you have a portrait taken by a photographer, you only see yourself in one pose, and you are not able to be stilled and quite unlike yourself as you friends know you.

## TODAY'S BEST FILMS

By GARDNER MACK.

Second chapter of "The Goddess," adapted from the Gouverneur Morris story by Charles Goddard Vitaphone, and Williams-Merck, in "Wife and I" (Kalem), the Leader, Ninth, between E and F streets.

Ethel Clayton and Joseph Knutman, in "The Dark" (Kalem), the Princess, Twelfth and H streets northeast.

Velma Whitman and William E. Parsons, in "The Girl in the Red" (Lubin), the Arcade, Fourteenth street and Park road.

Hazel Dawn, in "The Love Road" (Paramount Pictures), the Savoy, Fourteenth street, near Columbia road.

Ruth Roland, in "Who Pays?" (Pathe), Apollo, 624 H street northeast.

Albert Roscoe (leading man of the Poll Players), in "The Conspiracy at the Chateau" (Essanay), the Olympic, 11th street.

Mary Pickford, supported by Etienne and Jack Pickford, in "Fanchon the Cricket" (Paramount Pictures), the Empress, 416 Ninth street.

Heale Lenn and Pat O'Malley, in "According to Their Lights" (Edison), the Masonic Auditorium, Thirteenth street and New York avenue.

"The House of a Thousand Mirrors" (Victor), the Maryland Theater, 813 Ninth street and Central Park, Ninth near G street.

"A Fireside Realization" (Rex), the Dixie, Eighth and H streets northeast.

Kathryn Williams, in "The Carpet of Rags" (from the story by Harold MacGrath, V. L. S. E. Selig), the Strand, Ninth and D streets.

William S. Hart, in "Darkening the Trail" (Mutual Master Picture), the Garden, 423 Ninth street.

Betty Nansen, in "The Celebrated Scandal" (the Regent, Eighteenth and California streets).

"The Fair Rebel" (Kilm & Erlanger-Biograph), the Revue, Georgia avenue and Park road.

Howard Estabrook, in "Four Feathers" (from the story by A. E. W. Mason (Metro Pictures), Crandall's, Ninth and E streets.

Note—These selections are made from programs prepared by the managers of the theaters concerned and no responsibility is assumed for arbitrary changes without notice to The Times. They are based on the personality of the players and the producing company and not on personal inspection, except in special cases.—G. M.

# PHOTOPLAYS AND PHOTOPLAYERS

By GARDNER MACK.



MARY PICKFORD, Who Appears As a Star in "Fanchon the Cricket," at the Empress Today.

with all the varied colors of facial and physical action, but when you see yourself upon the screen you really see yourself as perhaps you never did before.

"Here is all the expression of the eye, face and form. You do a lot of funny things you never realize you did, and for my own part I feel that the screen offers an artist more of an opportunity to criticize his or her own work than any other known form yet devised."

## THE BLACK BOX

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Where's Long Jim?" the older one asked.

There was a sudden whirling about their heads. A large, dark, unassuming figure, had gathered them both in its coil. With a jerk they were drawn close together, their hands gripped, their faces pressed against each other. Long Jim, who had been standing round from the other side of the range, tightening the rope as he walked.

"Say, you've got a hell of a nerve, butting into a peaceful camp like this. We are going to civilize us, eh? Well, mister Harris, we can play that civilizing game, too. Hey, boys, all together, let us up against that wagon."

A dozen willing hands secured them. The two men spluttered wildly, but in anger, half in fear of their tormentors, but in a few seconds they were secured firmly against the canvas-topped wagon.

"Now, all right, gentlemen, all easy. Nothing's going to hurt you. Long Jim shoved fresh cartridges into his forty-five. "Line up there, boys, one at a time now. Bud, you and Tim and Dough-

head give them guys a single, their hair getting too long. The rest of you boys just content yourselves doing fancy decoration on the canvas all around me. I'll handle the rest. You might as well be rimming them lugubrious whiskers, mister Harris is a sporting. All ready now—one, two, three, let 'em whistle!"

The two deputies gave a simultaneous yell as several bullets sang by their ears.

"Whoa, old horse," drawled Long Jim. "Files bothering you some, eh? Sit easy, all easy. Too dangerous for me to get into a row with you. You're yourselves right in the way of one of them spittles. Some nerve tonic, this. A. N. X. hour, cheap at half the price. Ah, ha, pretty near shaved your upper lip, that time, didn't it, mister Harris, my hand's a bit untidy, what with all the excitement hereabouts. Say, put a stem on that chrysanthemum you're doing. Cotton-top!"

The two men, checked with fury and terror, ridiculous in their trussed-up state, motionless and strained, crouched in terror while the bullets passed all around them. Inspector French tapped Long Jim on the shoulder.

"Look here, he remonstrated, "you're looking for trouble. You can't treat the representatives of the law like this."

Long Jim turned slowly around. His politeness was ominous.

"Say, you got me scared," he replied. "Am I going to be hung?"

"The law that be resister," French said firmly. "Untie those men."

Long Jim scratched his head for a moment.

"Say, Mr. Inspector," he remarked, "you're a fine man in your way, but you weigh too much—that's what's the matter with you. You might as well be turning around, 'what's the best exercise for reducing flesh'."

"Darning," he shouted.

Long Jim grinned. He felt a little back. Suddenly he lowered his gun and shot into the ground, barely an inch from French's feet. The inspector leaped into the air.

"Once more, boys," the cowboy went on. "Keep it up, inspector. Jump a little higher next time. You barely cleared that one."

The bullets buried themselves in the dust around the inspector's feet. Long Jim, with anger, French found himself continuously forced to jump. The two deputies, forgotten for the moment, watched with something that was a mixture of a grin upon their faces. Long Jim, protesting loudly, was obliged more than once to make a dash to hide a smile. Jim at last slipped his gun into his holster.

"No more ammunition to waste, boys," he declared. "Untie the guys with the warrant and bring out the bottle of eye. Say," he went on, addressing the deputies as they struggled to their feet, "and you, Mr. New Yorker, is it to be friends and a drink, or do you want a quarrel?"

The deputies were very thirsty. The persuasion was streaming down French's forehead. All they looked at one another. Laura whispered in French's ear and he nodded. "We'll call it a drink," he decided.

The hunted man turned around with a

# GEOLOGISTS STUDY LASSEN Eruption

## Record Kept of Volcano's Activities to Be Basis of Scientific Investigation.

Mt. Lassen, California, whose violent eruption of May 19 places it in the first rank of volcanoes now dangerously active, has become the subject of an informal co-operative study by the geological survey and the forest service.

At the request of the survey, a telegram has been sent from Washington instructing the officers of the Lassen national forest, in which the peak stands, to continue observing signs of the volcano's activity and keep a record to be used as a basis for a scientific investigation by J. S. Diller, a Government geologist who is expected at Lassen early in July.

**Making Observations.**

The observations are being made by forest rangers at the scene and from a fire lookout tower on Brokeoff Mountain, a few miles north of the crater, where the forest service last year kept watch on the numerous eruptions which occurred from May to September.

It is not known whether a cloudburst started the last eruption by precipitating rain down upon the molten lava in the crater, or whether melting of the snow on the peak, with consequent flowing of water into the crater, caused the accumulation of steam which blew a river of mud out of the mountain.

Mr. Diller, who made a study of the volcano last year, said that he inclined toward the melted snow theory, adding that the bright glow reported as appearing on the clouds of smoke and steam over the crater is a reflection of the red-hot matter uncovered by the eruption, indicating that the volcano is in a more or less dangerous mood.

The river of mud which was shot out of the north side of the crater and down Hat creek has damaged government livestock that are grazed on the forest service from San Francisco, destroying bridges which were necessary to permit the cattle to reach the forest range during the summer. Some 12,000 cattle and over 30,000 sheep are grazed on the Lassen forest, which is the only stock range in the United States proper, very accessible to observers, and appears to be full of dangerous possibilities. There is much that is not known about volcanoes, and Lassen is expected by geologists to furnish a considerable addition to existing information on the subject.

**Output of Coal.**

**BRIQUETS GROWS**

**Tendency to Operate in Large Units Is Illustrated in Government Statistics.**

A substantial increase in the quantity of coal briquets manufactured and sold in 1914 is announced by the United States Geological Survey, which compiles the annual figures for this industry.

A tendency to operate in large units is illustrated in the statistics of this collateral branch of coal mining, notwithstanding the fact that it may well be considered in the early stages of development, the smaller and experimental plants going out of existence and the new enterprises being of greater scale.

The production of briquetted fuel in 1914 amounted to 24,435 short tons, valued at \$1,127,151, an increase of 62.2 per cent over the 15,055 short tons, valued at \$1,155,611 in 1913.

This shows the greatest activity in coal briquetting in the history of the industry.

For convenience the Survey has grouped the output by Eastern, Central and Western States, and by each of these groups the production in 1914 was greater than in the preceding year. In the Eastern States increased from 6,224 short tons, valued at \$240,643, to 10,172 tons, valued at \$273,946; in the Central States from 7,327 tons, valued at \$260,468, to 8,325 tons, valued at \$245,569, and in the Pacific Coast States from 4,228 short tons, valued at \$406,266, to 5,438 tons, valued at \$425,561.

The production of briquetted fuel in 1914, five used anthracite culm as a raw material, two, semi-anthracite; one bituminous slack, one, a mixture of anthracite culm and bituminous slack; two, petroleum residuum; one, a mixture of bituminous slack and one, a mixture of anthracite culm and bituminous slack, and lignite. Eight plants used coal-tar pitch for a binder, four used secret binders, and one used petroleum residue. No binder was required in the briquetting of carbon residues from oil-gas works.

**G. F. Moore, of This City, Southern Masons' Guest**

NEW ORLEANS, May 31.—George Fleming Moore, thirty-third degree Mason, illustrious sovereign grand commander of Washington, who is on a tour of the South, visiting the various Masonic bodies, was yesterday entertained here by local Masons.

Officers of the grand consistory of Louisiana met him when he arrived and escorted him to the St. Charles Hotel, where he was guest at a luncheon. During the afternoon he was driven around the city. Last night he attended a service at the St. Louis Cathedral. Mr. Moore delivered an address on Masonic topics that was attended by nearly 1,000 Masons and their friends.

**Both His Wives Legal.**

MILTON, Pa., May 31.—Remarrying shortly after his divorce from his first wife, Jacob A. Neagley is in the peculiar position of having two legal wives. Neagley started divorce proceedings nearly a year ago, alleging desertion. His wife fought the case until a decree finally was granted. In the meantime Neagley married again. Then the superior court reversed the lower court in granting the divorce.

The players who will be graduated are W. A. Hicks, captain and catcher; R. R. Adams, shortstop; H. A. Fisher, center field; A. E. Smith, left field; R. O. Glover, E. S. McCooch, and F. B. Smith, substitutes. E. M. Major, assistant manager, will succeed J. L. McCrea as manager, the latter graduating.

**Leader Theater**

9th St. Between E and F Sts. N. W.

**TODAY AND TUESDAY**

**THE GODDESS**

2d Chapter, Introducing

Anita Stewart and Earle Williams

Positively Initial Showing in Washington

Read It Here  
Now  
SEE IT LATER IN  
THE MOVIES

# THE GODDESS

Dramatized into a Photo-Play by CHAS. W. GODDARD

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**Synopsis of Previous Chapter.**

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, died. At her death Prof. Stilliter, agent of the interests, took her beautiful three-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise nestled by which her man, but thinks she is taught by angels, who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of eighteen she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her. The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most, after she had been spirited away from her paradise, was Tommy Barelay.

Fifteen years later, Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for this trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes forth from her paradise as Celestia Celestia recognize each other.

**Installment III.**

To rescue the girl who called herself Celestia from Prof. Stilliter had been the work of instants. The impulse. But what to do next was not to be decided without plenty of reflection. Reflection did not come easily to Tommy, however, especially in the present circumstances. For any train of logical thought upon which he tried to start was soon interrupted either by a sudden suggestion, the necessity of helping her past some rough place, or by some naive question or other which he would ask from time to time.

He could not make her out at all to his satisfaction. At one moment she seemed perfectly sane, at the next completely mad. The only things of which he was certain were that she was beautiful and good and that she was suffering from some form of amnesia, and that his powers of memory had been undermined.

"How long have you known that man?" he asked, referring, of course, to Prof. Stilliter.

"Not so long as I have known you, but sometimes I feel as if I had seen you before. But I can't ever have seen you, can I? You can't ever have been in heaven and I've never been on earth."

"If you were seeing him for the first time why were you afraid of him?"

"For the same reason that I'm not afraid of you."

"And you're not—not a bit?"

"He," said she, simply, "is bad and ugly. You are good and beautiful."

Tommy guided her through the woods toward his camping ground of the preceding night, he kept saying to himself, "Give the girl a good scare. She'll be all right then."

He almost wished that he had not taken her away from Stilliter, but he had instead stayed with them, dogged their footsteps from place to place until he was sure that the girl was in no real danger from the psychologist. Indeed he was in a state of great mental perplexity, and at the same time there was a feeling that he could not but enjoy.

"If only," he thought, "I might play around with her for the rest of the day and then turn her over to her proper guardians and have no further responsibility. But never mind, you'll soon drop the episode that he could not but enjoy."

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"Isn't there any in heaven?"

"How, you talk; why heaven is so far," said Tommy, pointing, "that's it!"

"That!" exclaimed Celestia—but she did not look the sun in the face for more than a fraction of a second.

"That!" and she burst into laughing. "Do you know what I thought that was?" she said.

"What?"

"Why, I thought, of course, that that was the sun, and so that's the sun, and it's burning my face!"

She touched her face with her fingers and then looked at their tips as if expecting that the burn had come off on them.

"I've got some stuff at my camp that will take the burn off," said Tommy. "Look out for that green stuff. It's got thorns, and you can't afford to tear that dress."

Having begun to climb the eminence on which Tommy's camp was perched, and with every step Celestia showed increased vigor, she walked a little behind and at one side, now helping her forward and upward with an occasional touch of the hand between her shoulders, and now with a steadily maintained pressure.

"Of course I'm not used to walking," she said. "I'm sorry. I suppose I'll have to get used to it."

"If you are determined to push on to New York, you will," said Tommy.

But Tommy's first move was really an appetizing cluck of a partridge.

"Let's see if we can get that fellow!" he exclaimed. "You sit down and rest yourself, Celestia. Nobody hunts much in these woods, and the birds are tame as chickens."

He sat down and leaned against the stem of a birch, her breath coming and going quickly, her great eyes following every movement that Tommy made.

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up here staging a show, and you got bored and let me run off with you for a lark. Professor Stilliter has had something to do with the scenario. The heroine is supposed to be a little looney. That's you, Celestia—and you're practicing all the time on me. Well, thank heaven, it's only acting. Why, I really thought you were mad as a hatter!"

"No," said Celestia. "I'm not in the least angry. But I'm sure I don't know what you mean, but I like you when you get excited and talk fast and your eyes smile. It really is nice."

Tommy shook his head at her and smiled reprovingly.

"You can't keep on fooling me," he said. "Come now, what's your real name?"

"Celestia," she said.

"All right. If you don't want to tell me yet, it will keep. It's bound to. But tell me then, are you?" he hesitated and blushed. "I'd really like to know. You see I'm rather crazy about you. You're not Mrs. somebody or other, are you?"

The embarrassed smile froze on his lips. He leaped to his feet, and, looking cheerful rather than ominous, there rose to them from the valley below a baying of dogs. Tommy had gone once with a posse of deputy sheriffs to see how a murderer is hunted down with the bloodhounds. Whole scenes of the pursuit flashed through his mind, and he knew that the baying, which now sounded in his ears, was not that of bloodhounds following a human trail. He climbed swiftly to the top of the hill and stood listening, his field glasses fixed to his eyes.

A glimpse of two bloodhounds and four men, one of whom was Stilliter in the North woods had never occurred to him. He had pictured Stilliter a man of resource in a laboratory or in a dissecting room, but an insatiable glutton pig stalked out on the operating table, but not out of doors. The man was fat, unhealthily white and appallingly